UPPER CALIFORNIA.

The Upper California, O that's the land for me,
It lies between the mountains, and great Pacific Sea,
The saints can be supported there, and taste the sweets of liberty
With flocks and herds abounding, O that's the land for me, O that's, &c.

We'll go and lift our standard, we'll go there and be free
We'll go to California and have our Jubilee.
A land that blooms with endless spring, a land of joy and liberty
In Upper California, O that's the land for me, O that's the land, &c.

We'll burst off all our fetters and break the Gentile yoke
For long it has beset us, but now it shall be broke,
No more shall Jacob bow his neck, henceforth he shall be free
In Upper California, O that's the land for me, O that's the land, &c.

We'll reign, we'll rule and triumph, and God shall be our king,
The plains, the hills and vallies, shall with hosanna's ring.
Our Towers and Temples then shall rise along the great Pacific Sea,
In Upper California, O that's the land for me, O that's the land, &c.

We'll ask our cousin Lemuel, to join us heart and hand,
And spread abroad our curtains, throughout fair Zions land.
'Till this is done, we'll pitch our tents beside the great Pacific Sea,
In Upper California, O that's the land for me, O that's the land, &c.

Then join with me my brethren and let us hasten there,
And lift our glorious standard, and raise our house of pray'r.
We'll call on all the nations round to join our standard and be free,
In Upper California, O that's the land for me, O that's the land for me.

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